

AN IDDUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 23, 1893.

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CHRISTMAS MORNING-ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR.

ONCE A WEEK

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

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the responsible for their return, ering advertisements appearing in the columns of this readers are particularly requested to always state that he announcement in OSCE A WEEK.

The publisher will keep the advertising columns free from onable advertisements as far as bossible and will not anything which may appear as paid advertising matter.

The compliments of the season to all!

HERE's wishing you many happy returns of the day!

What a good idea is that of the Church of the Heav Rest deciding to forego its customary elaborate Christ-mas decorations, so that the money that would be spent therefor may go to the aid of deserving poor, for rents, food and clothing! The example is worthy of general imitation in private as well as in church circles

MERRY CHRISTMAS

SCARCELY less wonderful than the mystery of the GARCELY less wonderful than the hystery of the first Christmas night is the mystery of the perpetuation of the festival. It is a far cry enough from the shepherds who tended their flocks on the hillside of Judea, and the believing kings who followed the star from the East, to, let us say, the average American citizen, and the modern rulers of kingdoms. Reverence and single faith are not avently the prevailing character. citizen, and the modern rulers of kingdoms. Reverence and simple faith are not exactly the prevailing characteristics of the former, nor do the latter betray sufficient keenness of interest in things supernal to warrant the supposition that they would leave their kingdoms and go forth laden with treasure, to follow a mysterious sign in the heavens. Yet withal, Christmas brings its message to these as well as to their widely different. prototypes of nearly two thousand years ago. The echo of the angelic voices that sang of peace on earth, good-will to men, still resounds in the heavens on Christmas and brother is reconciled to brother, old enmities are laid away, past sins forgiven, and the bonds of friend-ship and family affection drawn tighter over the Christship and family affection drawn tighter over the christ-mas board and round the cheerful hearth. The rich and powerful still open their coffers and, with large-handed liberality, scatter their goods among the poor, thereby imitating the Magi of old; for is it not written, "Whatsoever ye shall do unto the least of My brethren, ye shall do unto Me?" Thus, in spite of the evil forces with which modern materialism and infidelity are seeking to subvert the influences of Christianity, the Star of Bethlehem is still in the ascendant, and Christmas is the greatest and most joyous festival known to the civilized

A merry Christmas, then, let it be to all! A divin A merry Christmas, then, let it be to all! A divine religion is not a sad one. It brings peace to the heart, and joy is an exuberance of peace. Therefore let the bells ring out, and hang up the mistletoe, and bring on the smoking turkey, and gather round the fireside, and join in the frolics of the youngsters—anything, everything, so that the day be merry, and all hearts rejoice because Christ the Lord was born. Forget for a time the cares of business, the pressure of hard times, the threatening future. Lock up the family skeleton and, with it, all frowns and harsh words and the petty tyrannies and jealousies of common days. If you can lose with it, all frowns and harsh words and the perty tyran-nies and jealousies of common days. If you can lose the key of the closet, so much the better. If not, even the brief respite from ugly cares will leave its benedic-tion in your heart, and quicken your longing for the return of the festival of peace.

If you have no fireside of your own to enliven, seek but the decolate hearth of some unfortunate brother.

out the desolate hearth of some unfortunate brother. There are many forlorn little ones to whom an orange and a picture-book would be a foretaste of heaven. Play is to such, and you will find your Merry Christ-reflection of their innocent delight; or carry

your greeting and your gift to some aged and lonely creature whose last Christmas it will be on earth, and earn a blessing that will repay your efforts a hundred-fold. There is, happily, no monopoly of the joys of Christmas. If they do not come to us, we can go to them. We have but to open our hearts and stretch out nessengers of peace will come gladly It will be our own fault if we have our hands, and the me trooping toward us. trooping toward us. It will be our onot each and all a Merry Christmas.

HOW TO EXECUTE CRIMINALS.

THE most practical suggestion we have yet seen on the subject of the best method of executing criminals comes from our able contemporary, the Scientific American. Very many clever ideas, unfortunately not better known to the public, have their origin in Mr. Munn' interesting publication, but the last, about "gasocution," deserves the careful attention of the authorities. deserves the careful attention of the authorities. The present mode of execution is, to say the least, a great mystery. Nobody placed in the electrocuting chair has ever survived to describe his sensations. It is not so with hanging. Many have recovered after supposed death by the rope, and have described the sensation as delightful. In fact, some have expressed regret at being restored to the trials and temptations of this life. But the man in the electric chair, even during the brief moments of the terrific shocks, may suffer all the tortures ments of the terrific shocks, may suffer all the tortures

ments of the terrific shocks, may suffer all the tortures of the damned. How do we know to the contrary? Ridicule as we may the public desire to make the death of criminals as painless as possible consistent with the main intent of the law to check the growth of crime by deterrent influences, the feeling is deep-seated, and every bungling execution sends a thrill of horror through the community. Some respect is due to the sensitiveness of the public on the subject, and the suggestion of the Scientific American that death by gas asphyxiation is preferable to death by electricity comes at a very timely moment. One of the easiest and least expensive modes of death is by illuminating gas. According to Mr. Munn one or two cubic feet of illuminating gas would do the deed. Painless death, without mutilation, would ensue, and at a very trifling cost to the State. In view of this undoubted fact, how absurd the State. appears the expense and complicated apparatus necessary to electrocute. If the State wishes to economize in the business of executing criminals, while at the same time freeing it from ghastly accompaniments, it would do well to try the plan of gasocution, which would only call for a simple tin can and one or two cubic feet of illuminating gas

commend the suggestion to men like Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry, who have made a thorough study of the variodes of inflicting death by the hand of the law.

A LITERARY EVENT

O NCE A WEEK has much pleasure in announcing that arrangements have been made whereby all regular subscribers will be supplied with the new novels regular subscribers will be supplied with the new novels of Ossip Schubin. With our next issue, as announced last week, will be published "Broken Wings," a most powerful, intense and terrible picture of the consequences of one false step, which was not repeated. From time to time our readers will have an opportunity to read the latest novel from the pen of this most highly discontinuously.

highly gifted authoress.

In "Broken Wings" is a beautiful young woman of good family, whose life is overshadowed by the greatest of all calamities to woman; who fails to find surcease of sorrow even in a singularly happy married life; who obliterates herself and lives devotedly and solely for her only child, who is finally snatched from her in the Hamburg plague, only a few months after the wife and mother had mourned the death of the husband who had been the greatest benefactor not only to her but to her child. A more noble specimen of manhood and disin-terested chivalry is not to be found in literature than The character is drawn with precision, and fullness of its many-sided complexity of passion devotedness and apparent contradictions.

The mother of the young woman is a most lovable ministering angel. From the time of her child's mis-fortune until the latter returns, widowed, homeless, broken and prematurely gray, to the home of her girl-hood, in Austria, this faithful, wise and patient mother never once falters in her work of sustaining and guard-ing. The reader sees and feels all through the story the holiness of mother-love, the undying antagonism tween virtue and the mere pursuit of pleasures, the solute unselfishness of a man who wrecks his own life for the sake of the woman he loves, the truth that in this world it is the noble who suffer most keenly for their transgressions and for the transgressions of others Last, and perhaps most important of all, the reader who studies this object lesson of misfortune will experience raise, and perhaps most important of an, the reader who studies this object lesson of misfortune will experience added strength to his conviction of the horror attending all irregularities in life. And yet the novel is not a ser mon or a discourse. It is a straightaway narrative. No fanciful happenings bring sunshine in unexpected ways. The events are unrelenting, unswervable. The nexus between cause and effect is visible throughout. The Nemesis is deathless and cruel. But it is all true, with a truth that cannot be amended, modified, or glossed

The gem of the book is the child Litzie, a creation that has never been excelled in literature, and who, though

so very different in her character and in the inso very different in her character and in the her her sbort and sad young life, deserves and wi place by the side of Dickens's immortal Little 2 "Broken Wings" really deserves to be place

category of Tragedy which, according to the fan definition of the greatest of all ancient critics, Aristo has for its object to purify the passions by en

This story, remember, will be issued with Vol. XII., No. 12, of ONCE a WEEK. It is protected by copyright, and cannot be obtained elsewhere.

A YULETIDE THEORY.

THIS being the special season of goodwill to all and of peace on earth to men of good wi thoughts of those who are able to do something tical for their fellows will naturally turn towa tical for their fellows will naturally turn towar unusual events of the past two weeks. Hundre thousands of honest, willing laborers are being clothed and sheltered by public and private ch The destitution and idleness of workmen are no fined to any particular locality, but are report greater or less degree from all sections of the

not necessary to go into details,
e kindly spirit of the Yuletide will be uneneficent this year; there are more wealthy mer beneficent this year; there are more wealthy men in this country than there were last Christmas. There is more need and use for timely and judicious assistance to many who are entirely worthy of it and not accuse tomed to receiving it. If there is a pathetic picture to be seen anywhere in the curious panorama of the world, it is the strong man, willing to work, but compelled to accept assistance for himself and his family. Such mer are with us this Christmas in thousands. Gifts to then must be given for their own sake, for the gredel the mail are with us this Christmas in thousands. Gifts to them must be given for their own sake, for the good they will bring to you, for the relief that they will give to the when they find they have a friend in need.

In what form soever this assistance may come,

matter with what motive or with what display of u desirable patronizing to the object of charity, the ance will be needed and will do a world of good. even the most pure and unselfish beneficence Christmas time and spirit is not the most important poin toward which the thoughts of the fortunate should be directed. It is not right that the fortunate ones of early should be compelled to feed willing, able and honest mer who are able to take care of themselves and of their families if they have a chance. The poor we have always with us, and the time will probably never come when victims of vice, temptation and ill luck will ceast to call for and receive help; but we are not here appeal to get the recent the poor. The American people will see the proper the poor the poor the poor when the poor ing for the poor. The American people will never neglect the poor. We would direct the thoughts of those whom it may concern to a few practical problems that are now before us.

that are now before us.

In the Old World the classes in many instances see to it that the masses do not suffer. The latter are in a manner the wards of their betters. The rich usually feed the poor in time of need. When the need becomes too great and pressing, it is not relieved. Sickness and death follow starvation, or emigration to this co prevents it. Thus the supply of objects of charity relates itself. In this country that system will not we A workman here is supposed to be independent, to w out his own destiny—either that or his fellows mark hi for a tramp and a low specimen. American worked do not want assistance from the rich, as a regular sy tem. Even workmen recently landed – often the workmen, especially—do not want the system adopt wherein the rich will feed the poor. Does any thoughful citizen object to this objection?

But if, in times of industrial depression, idle works are not fed by those who have plenty, what is to become of them? Their savings will soon be gone, for a work man must eat and support his family even if he is idle They cannot emigrate very well. Foreign countries except Africa and South America, are not in the bus

ness of attracting immigration.

But these workmen have their remedy nearer he if the Government of the United States will take matter in hand the unoccupied public lands of the Central Plain will be taken up by the surplus emplo element, and will not continue to fall into the hands the purely agricultural class from Europe, who continue to the continue to fall into the hands the purely agricultural class from Europe, who continue to fall into the hands the purely agricultural class from Europe, who continue to fall into the hands the purely agricultural class from Europe, who continue to fall into the hands the purely agricultural class from Europe, who continue to fall into the hands the purely agricultural class from Europe, who continue to fall into the hands the purely agricultural class from Europe, who continue to fall into the hands the purely agricultural class from Europe, who continue to fall into the hands the purely agricultural class from Europe, who continue to fall into the hands the purely agricultural class from Europe, who continue to fall into the hands the purely agricultural class from Europe, who continue to fall into the hands the purely agricultural class from Europe, who continue to fall into the hands the purely agricultural class from Europe, who continue to fall into the hands the purely agricultural class from Europe, who continue to fall into the hands the purely agricultural class from Europe, who continue to fall into the hands the purely agricultural class from Europe, who continue to fall into the hands the purely agricultural class from Europe, who continue to fall into the hands the purely agricultural class from Europe, who continue to fall into the hands the purely agricultural class from Europe, who continue to fall into the hands the purely agricultural class from Europe, who continue to fall into the hands the purely agricultural class from Europe, who continue to fall into the hands the purely agricultural class from Europe, who continue to fall into the hands the fall into th strangers and remain strangers in the mo tionable sense of that term.

What objection can even a skilled workman have a farm? A farm will never hurt him. It will feed hand a good-sized family. Perhaps his oldest son, whis family grows up, will have become able to "wor the farm. But the skilled mechanic is always a skill mechanic, is he not? Is it necessary for him to stay the great city, to depend upon the factory or the wood. the great city, to depend upon the factory or the shop? The skilled workman can work at his tra-in the big city factory, and still own and get pro-City-earned money goes a long the farm. applied to the labor of agriculture, and the abfrom the farm goes a long way in a city hou this is no place to argue the point. The this is no place to argue the point. Those is falling into the hands of the strangers, while ware begging for bread, or, at least, eating the idleness and charity; our cities are being overwith workmen; labor-saving machinery has push handicraft into the background. We may own it at once: there are too many men and w

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mery working for others, and too few men and

antry working for others, and too few men and a working for themselves. Thought that should come, this Merry Christmas, as who can lend a helping hand is this: how shall about it, to settle American men, women and en in homes of their own in agricultural States, may relieve the distress that always comes of overging in any given occupation? This country will reach its highest destiny until the great, overgon majority of the masses of the people own their ing majority of the masses of the people own their mes, however humble. Then what must we think system of population under which men of supe-telligence and good education, and who earn high are to continue all their lives working for other and living in another man's house? It is wrong! our thoughtful men, who are able to do someroperate with the Government to abolish the uch a system?

A CURRENCY COMMISSION.

THE American Bankers' Association and the New York Board of Trade and Transportation have recommended the appointment of a non-partisan commission to consider the whole subject of our currency and report some adequate measure. This is peculiarly agreeable to ONCE A WEEK, since it is an indorsement of a suggestion made by us some time ago. Festina lente is a good policy to adopt in such an important matter. Let agonal pointy to accept in such that an important proper way to progress in the matter of a new currency scheme is for Congress to empower President Cleveland to appoint a non-partisan commission, composed of the ablest men in the country men competent to deal with the most important question connected with our national prosperity, and whose recommendations will be received with respect and confidence.

HUMAN IMPORTATIONS.

HUMAN IMPORTATIONS.

CHANCELLOR CAPRIVI says Germany must export either wares or people. Improved machinery for the manufacture of commodities has probably produced a similar condition in this country; but we are not yet forced to export any people. We are likely to receive some, perhaps the bulk, of the German human exports. After immigration from Germany and other foreign countries has settled up the unoccupied public lands, we shall then commence to export people who cannot find work to earn bread. In the meantime, it would be advisable to get several hundred thousand, perhaps a million or two, of our present employé population settled upon farms and in towns and villages, working for themselves. If Germany and other European countries If Germany and other European countries can furnish public and private funds for "exporting people." this Government and our public-spirited capitalists can make money by helping our surplus employé population to spread out at home and become independent of employers and landlords.

WONDERFUL BILLIARDS.

WONDERFUL BILLIARDS.

The billiard tournament at Madison Square Garden which ended Dec. 16th, and in which participated Ives, Slosson and Schaefer, was in some respects the most remarkable that has ever occurred. On the first night Ives beat Slosson with a record of 600 to 500 points; on the second night Slosson beat Schaefer 600 to 541 points; on the third night Schaefer beat Ives 600 to 347 points; on the fourth night Ives topped Slosson again with 600 to 478 points; on the fifth night Schaefer beat Slosson by 600 to 394 points, and on the sixth and final night Schaefer crowned all his previous successes by a run of 500 points, winning the balance of the necessary 600 in five more innings, while Napoleon Ives only made 34 during the game. This was phenomenal play, showing an average of 100 and thus surpassing all former feats in billiards. Vignaux's average, in 1885, at Chicago, was 15.

CHAIRMAN SPRINGER of the House Committee on Banking and Currency says that the tax on State bank circulation cannot be repealed; a large majority of the committee are opposed to such a repeal. A bill will be reported, Chairman Springer says, dealing almost wholly with security for the national bank circulation of the future, after the present security of Government bonds shall have become unavailable, owing to the wiping out of the national bonded debt. This bill will provide for the acceptance of certain State, county and municipal bonds, as security for such circulation, after the banks have guaranteed to the Government the payment of the bonds. At present there are in existence billion dollars of such bonds. The value of these bonds would be enhanced by their acceptance as national bank security; and all State, county and municipal bonds sould be floated, in most cases, at par and at a much lawer rate of interest than obtains at present.

The bridge in course of construction across the Ohio

ate of interest than obtains at present.

oridge in course of construction across the Ohio
between Jeffersonville, Ind., and Louisville, Ky.,

d Dec. 15th, killing more than twenty workmen
uring as many more. The disaster occurred in
encon. The foreman noticed that the "traveler"
on piles had worked loose during the night. An
"as given to draw the "traveler" back to its place,
men and engines were set to work. The wind
gh and the light swaying motion forced the
er" off the pues, and the collapse followed,
story of the bridge from its beginning, in 1879,
n one of continual disaster, financial and otherlast March work was started again by the Phœlige Company, of Pheenixville, Pa. The money
the collapse is estimated at \$100,000. Many lives
sen lost at different times on the structure,

News by the Australian, which sailed from Honolulu Dec. 9th, is to the effect that the Provisional Government is weeding out traitors from public places, that all employes not distinctly and aggressively loyal to President Dole must go, that the queen's adherents are being armed secretly, that two hundred new Winchester rifles have been smuggled in for that purpose, that American sailors could not be induced to oppose President Dole even if ordered to do so, that Minister Willis has assured President Dole that Secretary Gresham's last letter was a purely domestic affair and we will not meddle in Hawaian affairs except to help toward a settlement in the interest of peace and good order in the islands.

islands.

Miss Martha A. Jones, of Vineland, N. J., was engaged to Charles E. Pennel; but the engagement was broken off because the prospective bridegroom took to drink. He reformed several times, but fell again, and, finally, the girl refused to be his wife. He continued to make friendly calls and was politely entertained. He called one evening last week, renewed his suit, was refused and finally took a whole bottle of laudanum in the presence of Miss Jones. Charles was soon in a drowsy state, but the sensible girl quietly summoned her parents, prepared coffee and an emetic and soon had the lover out of danger. But Charles is not allowed to call at that house any more.

The notorious female horse-thief, "Tom King," es-

to call at that house any more.

The notorious female horse-thief, "Tom King," escaped two weeks ago from the jail at El Reno, Oklahoma Territory, by the aid of a deputy who eloped with her. On the night of Dec. 12th she held at bay five deputy United States marshals who tracked her to her hiding place, and finally escaped. With her rife she killed the Yukon bloodhounds that had been put upon her trail. On one of the dead bloodhounds she pinned a note stating that the same fate would befall any person who pursued her further. "Tom" hails from Missouri, and shoots to kill. She has in her the stuff of which bad citizens are made.

Our daily contemporaries published during the weeks.

which bad citizens are made.

OUR daily contemporaries published during the week what they called an interview "given out" by Mr. Richard Croker, in which he denied all the charges lately hurled at him by people concerned in the latest reform movement. What is the meaning of the expression "given out" in this connection? Are we to understand that the interview, question and answer, was prepared by Croker himself? In other words, does it mean that Croker interviewed Croker and then gave it to the press for publication? Let us know, please. R. C. knows how to hit from the shoulder.

The Retail Coal Exchange, of New York, found, on

now to hit from the shoulder.

The Retail Coal Exchange, of New York, found, on investigation, only one case of short weight out of forty-six loads weighed by the committee appointed for that purpose. If the Exchange would now look into the business of selling coal by the bushel, cases of overcharging and selling to the poor at the rate of ten to twelve dollars per ton might be prevented. In that event more loads of coal would be sold, the bushel dealer would make a fair profit, and the poor man's family could keep themselves warm.

David A. Wells, writing of the proposed income.

DAVID A. Wells, writing of the proposed income tax, observes: "It is a tax involving such inquisitorial features as a condition of efficiency that it should never be thought of under a free government except under the exigencies of war, and can never be equitably enforced in the United States except by arbitrary and despotic methods, which its people, if they are to continue free, will never tolerate."

Father Richard Report a protect of the United States.

will never tolerate."

Father Richard Brennan, pastor of the Holy Innocents Church, Thirty-seventh Street and Broadway, died at the rectory, December 15th, in his sixtieth year. He was the oldest priest in the archdiocese of New York, having labored in the ministry more than thirty years. He was the author of many devotional works, and translated about twenty valuable works from the French and German. and German.

The new Tariff Bill will not make much tariff reduc-tion, after all. Special interests are up in arms against auting and slashing; and, as we have pointed out in nese columns several times, a great many special in-rests taken together have much to do with the general relifare that it is the province of lawmaking in this buntry to promote. ountry to pron

General Martinez de Campos, commander of the Spanish troops at Melilla, has made such demands upon the Riffs that the war in Morocco will be renewed. He requires the surrender of twelve thousand nine hundred rifles now held by the Riffs, and the punishment of all persons whom Spain deems guilty of leading the tribesmen against her.

SO GREAT is the distress in Chicago, where over one hundred thousand people are out of employment, that a committee of one hundred gentlemen has set about collecting one million dollars to relieve the pressing wants of the worthy and deserving poor. Over eleven hundred sufferers were sheltered during one night in the City Hall.

the City Hall.

Signor Crispi has succeeded in forming a working cabinet for Italy, which greatly rejoices the heart of Germany and other allies of King Humbert. How long the new cabinet will hold together in the present excited and impoverished state of Italy remains to be seen.

How little attention European nations pay to international law is aptly illustrated by the coolness with which France and England have just settled their differences in Siam by placing the disputed territory under Chinese rule. Siam looked on.

SARAH FARLEY VAN NOSTRAND died at East Millstone, J. J., Dec. 15th, aged 105. Her face had not a wrinkle, he venerable lady never used glasses until she was 100. Buffalo will furnish food, clothing and shelter for er fifty thousand unemployed, and will open public torks to give employment to six hundred each week.

RUSSIA has removed the tariff on imports for the benefit of all nations, but chiefly in the interest of Russia which is not a great manufacturing country.

A BINGHAMTON, N. Y., schoolteacher still holds her osition, though she was named as co-respondent in a accessful divorce suit.

KANSAS is overrun by tramps.

>CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

THE LEGEND OF THE MISTLETOE.

They tell us of a doleful night
When awful Woden's child,
Great Baldur, wakened in a fright,
With teurs and groanings wild.
"Oh, Father Woden, I must die,
My doom is quickly drawing nigh!"

Then Woden, from his mighty throne, Called every living thing— The trees, the flowers, the beasts, the fish, The birds with shining wing: He bade them swear an oath most strong That none would do great Baldur wrong.

But wicked Laki, God of Hate, Laughed with a flendish glee; For lo! the mistletoe was left, As 'twas neither flower nor tree And with a branch of mistletoe She laid the mighty Baldur low.

Then did all living things make moan, When mighty Baldur died— The heavens rained tears, the mountai The earth for vengeance cried; While awful Woden cursed the thing That did such dreadful sorrow bring.

The mistletoe bowed low with grief,
And since that time, 'tis said,
It weepeth, always, pearly tears,
And hangs its pensive head.
The Plant of Pity, and of Love,
It brings a blessing from above.

Then wreathe it with the holly boughs
And deck the walls of home.

'Twill speak a welcome, full and free,
When all our loved ones come.
With Christmas evergreens entwine
This plant that tells of love divine.

E. A. MATTHEWS.

"DAT CHRISTMAS."

YES, yoʻgrandad been a-thinkin' Ob a Christmas long ago, Down dar on de ole plantation Whar dar want a flake ob snow; All de cabin fires war blazin', Foh de winter ainh wah chill, An'de windoahs, tob, wah shinin' In de manshun on de hill,

Twar de ebe ob Christmus, honey; An' de yule-log burnin' bright, Wid de mistletoe an' holly, Made de room a pury sight, When we meet dah all togedder, An' we stan' up side by side As de massa come wid arm-armsfu Ob de presents he divide.

On de presents he di and.

Fuss he gib a dress toh Dinah
An' a shawl toh Auntie Chio;
Den a pair ob boots toh Sambo
An' a cap toh little Joe.

When he come toh me I tremble,
Foh he look soh powe ful queer
Solemn laik, an' som' thing shini
On his cheek jes laik a tear.

In him han' he hol' a paper
Wid a lot ob writin' on.
An' he say it am yo' freedom,
Wid my blessin', faithful John.
Twice yo' risk yo' life in sabin
Him I lob, my only boy;
An' I gib dis Christmas present
Hoping it will bring yo' joy.

Dat wah Christmas long 'go, 'm Now yo'r grandiad's gettin' ole But him glad toh say das niggad Neber yet been bought or sole Do' be stay dah wid de massa. Till de cullad folks war free, An' yo' gran'man an' de chind Come up Norf den 'long wid m

Now it's Christmas, an' I'm thankful
Foh de presents dat I git;
But dah's neber one been equal
Toh dat freedom paper yit.
"Faithful John"—I want dat name writ
On my tom'ston' when I go
Toh de manshun up in hebben,
Whar I hope da call me so.
—Lalia Mitchella.

A CHRISTMAS ACROSTIC.

The subscriber whose correct reading of this Acrostic reaches this office first will receive one of our splendid

Six Dollar Photograph Albums,

bound in Plush with nickel clasp and beautiful decorated cover bearing the word "Album" in raised letters.



*BOV. JB AWF +SANTA-CLAUS*AND*THAT*





















"A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE" AT THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.—(See page 11.)



SANTA CLAUS—Hallo! Who are you? LITTLE NICK—Don't you know? Why I'm your little Nick.

SANTA CLAUS—Where's your stocking?
LITTLE NICK—Going to leave it full in the house you just passed.





O'S de bressed image uv yo' moh'; sholy yo' is!' said Aunt Rina, in her most wheeding tone, as she deposited a basket on the green sward and mopped her face, which was like a dried prune.

"Yo moh' was de onlies' gal in de Fairfax fambly, lak yo is. Ef yo' cul a seed her at her come-out party, honey, wid de white silk crukled lak cream, an' blue brocade flowers on it. Lawdy! how dem beaux gadder roun' her lak swallers roun' a bluebird; 'deed dey did, honey! Dar she stan', her eyes a shinni; an' her cheeks a pinkin 'up—jes' as innercent-lookin' lak she wasn't a stealin' all der hearts mos' bodaciously."

Pretty Mrs. Forrester laughed. "You want soraething, I know, Aunt Rina; what is it?"
She understood the old woman's reminiscent turns. She had a friendly feeling for her old nurse, who had followed her to her Northern home when she had married. Having nursed "il'le Miss May befo' de wah' seemed to give Aunt Rina a claim to general help in all emergencies."
"Ginne, burn" said Aunt Rina, with a sieh; and then

emergencies. "Ginny-burr," said Aunt Rina, with a sigh; and then

she stopped.
"And what's Ginevra up to now?" asked Mrs. For-

rester.

"She done sot pine blank on gittin' mahried," said the old woman, with another explosive sigh.

"Well, that's a good thing for a flighty baggage like Ginevra," said Mrs. Forrester, candidly. "She'll settle

down."

"I recomember right well dat Ginny-burr wuz er mighty brief little nigger when she don' wait on yo'," said Aunt Rina, deprecatingly, "an' putty lowesome to git work out 'er quick, but I ain't agreein' to dish yer mahriage. But wen dat yer gal boun' ter do anything dar's no stoppin' 'er—no mo'n yo' cahn stop er spring freshet!"

"What! rem den't like!"

gar's no stoppin' 'er—no mo'n yo' cahn stop er spring freshet!"

"What! you don't like the man, I suppose?"

"No'm. He's po'-sperrited, a no 'count critter, dat's de Gospil truff."

"Isn't he sober and industrious?"

"He sholy is," said Aun' Rina, reluctantly, "but 'pears lak I'd rudder she'd a took up wid Sam Rudder, wot's de outenest of de hull gang "

"What's the objection?"

"Oh, he aihn got no grit; he's—he's no 'count, but he dess mad for Ginny-burr; 'pears lak his looks was dess tied to her."

"Well, I suppose you want something for the wedding-feast?"

"I done sot my face agin' aim black for

"Well, I suppose you want something for the wedding-feast?"

"I done sot my face agin', "ine blank, from de fust,"
Annt Rina said, meditatively, "I done snub dat yer
Lanky most sur vigerously, I shory did."

"What is his name?"

"Oh, a heathen name," sniffed Aunt Rina. "Mes
Lankum—somethin' lak dat. He say he called after
a great informer, but Lanky is wot he gits fum me an'
mos' folks. I sot dead agin him, but, Lawdy! taint no
use; I done giv in. Ef Ginny-burr boun' ter heave herself away, taint a mite er use her ole mammy puttin'
in her jaw, Ginny-burr is sot in er way an' yo' cahn
put her down no mo'd an a floatin' cork. So, I'se boun'
ter give er a send-off so's not to disgrace de gran' old
Fairfax fambly. Dat 'tack ob rheumatiz was so spendswif, Ef yo' kin spar a handful ob reesins an' a bit ur
citrum?"

Fairlax family. Dat tack of rheumatiz was so spendswif. Ef yo'kin spar a handful of reesins an'a bit ur citrum?"

Mrs. Forrester interpreted the modest request in her own way; and Aunt Rina had no reason to complain of the contents of her basket when she started to go.

"Send Ginevra to see me and I'll give her some good advice," said Mrs. Forrester, kindly.

"Lawdy! Miss May, she done berried in dat yer weddin'-frock—twenty-seven yards of ruffles it's got—an' she wuk lak de beaver, case she boun' to hev 'em."

"Well, give her my wishes for her happiness," said Mrs. Forrester.

"Yes'm, but I has my misgivin's. He's a po'-sperrited critter," said Aunt Rina, as she turned to go.

The wonder in the dark circles of Bethlehem was that a steady-going fellow like Melancthon should have chosen such a feather-head as Ginevra for a wife. She was a slender, lithe mulatto with velvety black eyes and blue-black hair which had no kinks in it, to her great delight. She knew how to manipulate the crisp masses and tie it up with scarlet ribbons with the deft touch of a French soubrette. She had been lady's maid to Miss Cyntha Boggs, the belle of the village, and inherited all her cast-off finery when that young woman married. Ginevra wore the flounced gauzes and be-ribboned organdies with so much grace that Melancthon's heart was taken captive at once. She seemed a vision of beauty to the humble-minded, hardworking man.

**

In due time Aunt Rina appeared again with her pail

beauty to the humble-minded, hardworking man.

In due time Aunt Rina appeared again with her pail and basket.

"Ah! it's the christening feast now, I suppose?" said Mrs. Forrester, graciously.

"Right yo' is, honey!" answered Aunt Rina, sighing explosively.

"Well, what is it?"

"Taint an it?" answered Aunt Rina, indignantly.

"Dar's a pair ub 'em. Twins—no less: gal twins—bofe ub 'em twins, an' a openin' dar bills lak young robins!"

"Hum! that does seem a doubtful blessing," said Mrs. Forrester. "But, Aunt Rina, ithe Lord will provide."

"Danno," said Aunt Rina, with doubtful faith, "Ginny-burr she raight down in de mouf. She say it a raight down unpersition, an' she didn't look for no sech. An' dat yer Lanky he jes bodaciously proud ob 'em: yes, suh. He's dat aggervatin' Ginny-burr she jess meis him tote 'em nights, kase she did'n lay off to hev two to onct, an' he taks it all meek as a sheep. He s a po 'sperrited critter. Why, he git offer to wuk in brew house fur twict as much money, an' he 'clar his principles is agin it. He's a teetotaler."

She made this statement with as much disgust as if she had said, "He's a sneak-thief."

"Why, he must be a high-toned fellow," said Mrs. Forrester, laughing. "Send him round to me, and he can do some extra work evenings in my garden."

"Hum! High-tone don't wuth so much as possum meat," grumbled Aunt Rina. "But yo'll come an' see dem lile gals, Miss May. Dey roll der eyes dess lak Christians, an' tek notice wonderful!"

"And what are they going to be called?"

"Oh, dar's bin raight smart tussle ober dat," said Aunt Rina, with a laugh. "Ginny-burr she got some quality names outen a novel book. She 'clar' she aihn got nothin' else to give 'em, an' she boun' ter give 'em de outenest names in der lan'. Lanky he low his mudder's name good 'nuff fer ennybody, an' Ginny-burr 'low she strangle 'em fo' she'd call one Dinah—sech a low-down nigger name, she say. So dey dess hab high words—leas' Ginny-burr did; Lanky he keep still, bein' a po'-sperrited critter."

"So what did Ginevra settle on?" asked Mrs. For-

Ginny-burr did; Lanky he keep still, bein'a po'-sperrited critter."

"So what did Ginevra settle on?" asked Mrs. Forrester; "for I suppose she got her own way."

"Yes, suh, she sholy did. She's a master-hand at dat," said Aunt Rina, with apparent pride. "She call one Santa Clara Jacqueline Virginia, and todder Alexandra Sophonisha Cleopatra; but we dess calls 'em Gin an' Pat for everyday."

Things had been going down-hill most rapidly from the time that Lanky had established the improvident Ginevra at the head of affairs in his humble cottage. Miss Bogg's finery was not yet worn out, and the young wife preferred airing it to frying her husband's bacon or mending his clothes. When the wardrobe was gone, quarrels began in earnest, for Ginevra had a passion for dress. It was hard for poor Lanky to hear that "he was so mean his soul would rattle "roun" in a mustard seed," because he would not buy Ginevra a plush cloak and a Rembrandt hat with a scarlet feather.

One day Mrs. Forrester noticed an utter despair in the man's face, as he worked away with unabated zeal. She questioned him kindly, and, at last, he reluctantly confessed:

"Ginny-hurr she daid set, on goin' ter camp meetin'

sed:
Ginny-burr she daid sot on goin' ter camp meetin'
Tuesday, an' she 'low she gwine ter hab a new frock,
bust things.''
Nousense!' said Mrs. Forrester ('lot hay at the

'Nonsense!' said Mrs. Forrester, "let her stay at me and tend to her babies."
'Taint no sort of use taikin'," answered Lanky, arrifully. "She boun' ter go; it's her way. When issess, she sesso!"

"Taint no sort of use teach,"
mournfully. "She boun' ter go; it's her way. When she sesso, she sesso!"
"But when you say so?"
"Oh! dat's no account."
"I'm afraid you're too easy."
"Yes'm; sure 'nuff I is dat. Ginny-burr needs a stiff hand, she do. I cahn come up ter her."
Mrs. Forrester sympathized with the poor man so heartily that she searched her belongings and found a pink nun's veiling gown little the worse for wear. It was trimmed with Spanish lace, and had been an altogether fetching garment. Lanky's eyes gleamed when he saw it, and he touched it tenderly.
"Lawd, Miss May! Ginny-burr'll look lak a pink rose in dat yer. She'll be dess as sweet as honey ter me for —well, about a week, I reckon."
It was pitiful to see the poor fellow's delight at being able to purchase Ginevra's smiles once more. He wrapped the pretty gown up in paper carefully, lest his toil-stained hands should deface it; and his heart beat fast as he hurried with it to his poor cabin.
The twins, grown old enough to creep on the floor, were quarreling over some feathers that clung to their sticky hands.
"Where's Ginny-burr?" inquired Lanky, eagerly.
"I dunno. I 'clar for gracious she dohn do nuttin' but gallivant roun' wid der pahson. He done gone fer good, tank de Lawd! Dem pious do eat orful!"
"Why, I tought he cahn bear de weight ob he fut yet," said Lanky.
"Oh, yes! He done gone—say he 'bleeged ter yer for

tank de Lawd! Dem pious do eat offur; hy, Itought he cahn bear de weight ob he fut yet," anky.

I, yes! He done gone—say he 'bleeged ter yer for care ob him, and I aihn see de color ob his money yit. Sech a survigrous a pp e tite! Ginny - burr, she say he was a feed in' his immortal soul, but it sholy tuk a mighty heap cohn pone and bacon ter feed his mortal body!"

Lanky was disappointed. He took the gown into the bed room and spread it out tenderly on the bed, so that Ginevra might see it the first thing when she entered. It seemed to make the whole room bloom like a garden. But it grew dark soon; then night came on. The frugal meal night came of

FIXED HER HAIR WITH THE DEFT TOUCH OF A FRENCH SOUBRETTE.

was eaten, the twins put to bed, and Ginevra came on. The frugal meal Aunt Rina grew uneasy. "Is yo'gwine set dar moonin," she cried, impatiently, "or is yer gwine out hunt fer Ginny-burr?"

"It's no use," said Lanky, "she won't come back!"

"Wot yo' mean? Wot yo' done wid my chile?" cried Aunt Rina, clutching at his arm. "Dohn you keep nuttin' back—whar's my chile?"

"God knows!" gasped Lanky.

"But yo' knows, too!" screamed Aunt Rina, furiously. "I see yo' done ponder sumfin' wut stick in yer troat so's yo' cahn swaller. Wot yo' holin' back?"

"Be quiet!" said the man, as he drew out a scrap of paper from his pocket with shaking hands. "I done found dish yer in her wuk basket. Taihn good news, or I'd tole yer befo'."

Aunt Rina snatched the paper. Miss May had taught her to read, so she could make out these words, traced in a sprawling hand:

"Tain' no use follerin' me up. I cahn stan' se 'count nigger no longer. Mannmy'll take keer kids; ez fur you, go hang yerself, an' may the hev mussy on yer stingy soul! I've foun' a nm a loven.'

"It's de pahson," said Aunt Rina, wringing her had done led off my innercent lamb. Ef yo have spunk ob a flea daid be razors flyin' in de air, done 'spect nothin'. Yo' allers wuz a po'-spectiter!"

done spect nothin. To alters wuz a po-sperrite criter!!'

Lanky made no answer. He sat with averted fact and shadowy, pathetic eyes. The woman he had love had gone away from him with angry words—gone with the man he had watched and tended like a brother. Wat there any truth or goodness in the world—any heave or hell to reward or punish in the next? In the generachaos he heard Aunt Rina rage as one hears the farefecth of a tempest.

He went to his work the next day with a stolid face No one saw how his hands trembled when he put away the pink gown. Time passed and nothing was heard of the false wife, or the wolf in sheep's clothing who had wrought such havoc in poor Lanky's humble plane on, taking Aunt Ri-

on, taking Aunt Ri on, taking Aunt Ri-na's abuse patient-ly. The little ones were his only gleam of comfort. It was very hard to keep the lean and hun-gry wolf from his door.



Rina:
"See here," he said, as he unfolded the pretty gar
with his clumsy hands, "she—she'll never wear it n
Cut it up an' make little frocks fer the children. T
faded a mite, an' they'll like the color. Make Ch
mas frocks fer 'em, an' maybe I'll make out to get a

and the pain make fittle frocks fer the chindren. I am faded a mite, an' they'll like the color. Make Chrismas frocks fer 'em, an' maybe I'll make out to get a bit ob candy, too."

He could not rest even by the pleasant fire after that. The sight of the pink gown brought back all the sharpness of his sorrow. He remembered his delight in getting it, his fond hopes and his bitter, black disappointment. He trudged wearily through the slush. He clinched his fists and set his teeth as he remembered. "Some day I gwine come up wid dat yer white-libered houn!" he muttered.

Ha! what was that on the bridge. Lanky was superstitious, as are all of his race, and the sight of a wavering figure between earth and heaven froze his blood.

The next moment he realized that some poor distraught woman was flinging herself from the bridge into the swollen current below. The faded, ragged gown made a pale gleam as she fell.

Lanky had learned to swim when a boy, and he did not pause now. In a moment he was battling with the water, and holding a limp, inert figure with one arm. Even in the desperate struggle he felt that the form was slight and wasted—"a reg lar skillinton," he thought as he manfully made for the land. He reached it som and deposited his burden on the bank, then stood for a moment irresolute. There was no house as near as his own cabin, but he knew what a storm he would raise if he carried that sodden mass of rags into the place Aunt Rina kept so clean. He was chilled to the bone by his plunge, and he remembered he had his pipe with him. He struck a match.

A pinched and starved face was lifted. Two great black eyes opened in bewilderment, just as that match.

him. He struck a match.

A pinched and starved face was lifted. Two black eyes opened in bewilderment, just as that illumined Lanky's countenance. With a strange's half terror, half amaze, the tattered creature streebly to her feet and fled like a deer before a hur Lanky stood for a moment motionless, as if the had frozen him, then started in pursuit. He ke figure in sight till it disappeared in a forsaken rubarn. Then he stopped to get breath. He movafter awhile, and saw a light shining through a board. He could look through this aperture, ad did so. He saw a heap of wretched straw in oner, on which lay the form of a man. The women not look at him, but threw herself down on another of straw and began gnawing ravenously at a stale A candle, stuck in a potato, was burning and sput of straw and began gnawing ravenously at a star A candle, stuck in a potato, was burning and sp on the floor. Its feeble light fell on the woman Lanky recoiled with a stifled cry. The world spinning away into space, and the miry road before him like the waves of the sea. He clut post of a fence and steadied himself for one me at that wasted face, with its cavernous eyes— burn!

Gone were all the coquettish airs, the prankings, and e finery! A ghastly, haggard phantom of her old self but still, Ginny-burr!

And the man—who was he? Who could he be but the

Wilmy

ing ye hunge to me Tha in. T

take his h He blank cious in da

ad dreamed of for years. The blood boiled in he moved. He was saying "easy things to

yo', yo' lef' me to die! Yo' was hopin' to find when yo' come back. Yo're eatin' de las' crust

die!"
ra did not answer.
e glad I'm dyin', aihn ye? Oh, ef I had any
left' I'd mak yo' speak!"
I'm glad yo're dyin'!" said Ginevra, stolidly,
like to hear that, I kin say it—an' I wish yo'd
o' I sot eyes on yo', an' I'd be in a good home

gaunt figure rose from the straw with a hoarse rage, and outstretched, shaking hands. There strange gurgling sound, and then the ghastly dl at the woman's feet. y turned and fled, as if an evil spirit or the ghost lead man were after him. He hardly knew how hed his own door. yo' cahn sneak in that a way!' cried Aunt Rina, is on the watch. "Yo's a drippin' ober my clean a water-rat; an' yere my sweet Miss May sent us fer all un us. Tuky an' nuts an' reesons an' an' de Fairfax crullers dat I larn her mek my-

an de Fanta.

r delight at the well-filled basket the poor woman er delight at the well-filled basket the poor woman to scold. Lanky gazed at the dainties with dazed He did not see them. He saw only a famished n prone on the floor, gnawing a crust like a starved nd a gaunt, grim goblin struck down with a blooding cry on his lips. He could not sleep. He stood the little window when the house was still. The had risen, and even the muddy ways were glorificate huddle was transformed into a mirror of we silver.

silver, the distant church came faint organ tones. The as practicing there. He had heard them when coming home. The full meaning of the words to penetrate his dull brain now—"Peace on and goodwill to men." toved softly to the closet where Miss May's treasfts were stored. Could Aunt Rina have seen him dld have been struck dumb. He was carving that turker!

le worth have lessed turkey!

He put half of it in an old basket, with some of the skes and apples, and let himself softly out of the door, ooking about him with a shiver. Was the light burn-



POOR WOMAN WAS FLINGING HERSELF FROM THE BRIDGE

ing yet in the old barn? Or had Ginny-burr died of hunger while the choir sang "Peace on earth, goodwill

ok Heaven! the light was burning. Lanky peered he woman lay there still as motionless as her dead

ion.

loved as he crossed the floor. He set the basket ther side. The blood rushed to his head as he man's face. He longed to set his heel on it and it all semblance to humanity. he chant rose clear on the night—"Peace on oodwill to men." He did not know much, but learned the meaning of those words. Ik God! I am a po'-sperrited critter! I couldn't revenge, after all," he said, as he stole home to

eamed he was wakened by Gabriel's trumpet in ning, but it was only Aunt Rina's howl over the ed turkey.

thing, but it was only Aunt Rina's howl over the ed turkey.

In no thief!" she cried. "Now I tell yo' pine is my 'pinion yo' got up in de night an' boda-levoured it, while dem po' lambs was sleepin' aids, not suspicionin' nothin'!"

quailed before her eagle eye. He bore all her te the "po'-sperrited critter" she called him. went to his heart, on Christmas day, to hear sper to her sister: "Bless grashus, worn't pop a as she looked at the remains of the turkey. It we choked him if he had tried to eat a morsel, etruth came out when an ill-spelled note reached his, one day—

hon yo' git this I'll be out un yer way, an' out un an' out un this mizzerable wurld; an' glad to go. If can be wuss than this. Tell Lanky I knowed him brought the tukky. He's got a good heart. "GINNY-BURR." It Rina burst into a flood of tears and begged is pardon. Never from that hour did she call "po'-sperrited critter."

Take Bromo-Seltzer for insomnia Before retiring-Trial bottle 10 cts. RECUTED POETS By EDGAR FAWCETT.

OT long ago I read, in some daily journal, a stern newspaper sneer at the peets of our land and time. It was bitter, like all sneers, but not surprising, like some. Its perusal, indeed, wrought a commonplace result, for I have latterly grown very familiar with the same sentiments which this crushing editorial re-delivered. The gist and pith of them were now dead, and their vacant places bid fair to remain so for many a future year. We have a few dainty versifiers, and that is all. Declaring that the age is unreceptive to modern poetry and heedless of it, is only making for mediocrity transparent excuses. When a real genius rises he will charm and delight his age just as his predecessors have done. The apathy complained of is only a natural indifference toward singers essentially second-rate.

I laid down the journal which contained this wise column of cocksurety, and could not help reflecting that hundreds of readers who skimmed it over would assent to it as indisputably true. Few conveniences of the century quite equal, for many minds, that of having one's thinking made to order. Even telephones and electric bells are with throngs of us not half so comfortably labor-saving. Not to speak at all of contemporareous England, it is a fact that in contemporaneous America there are numerous poets of rich and secure endowment. These are for the most part young men and women, and the neglect with which our peculiar age chooses to treat all poetic composition is at once a reason for their comparative obscurity and for their failure to produce work of more ambitious and sustained character.

Yet to say that the age "chooses to treat" these writtens with vegetative to the contemporation is at once a reason for their general contents. The service of the contents and sustained character.

the to produce work of more amoutous and sustained character.

Yet to say that the age "chooses to treat" these writers with neglect is not fair. They are, in a way, actually persecuted by the general languor of inattention, yet through no choice or non-choice on the part of their special epoch. A certain wave of anti-poetic tendency overwhelms them, and that is all one can reasonably state. The spirit of the time is antagonistic to their efforts. Discouragement is in the air they breathe, and its effects are inevitably more or less deadening. Let us examine what the quality of this discouragement really is.

A poet of to-day has two means of addressing his public—through the magazines, or through a printed volume. He tries the first of these mediums. If he be unknown, this very fact counts markedly against him. But in any case he must hope only for editorial countenance where it is a question of his brief lyrics and his lighter ones. Occasionally a magazine publishes a long poem, but not often, and as a rule it does so with reluctance and under pressure of some outside influence. Magazines, for the most part, prefer poetry that is pretty and catching—words that suit the dalliance of some indolent hand with the strings of a guitar—delicate fantasias and pensées fugitives of song. Fervid passion, keen philosophic insight, subtle moods and shades of meaning they hold it the better policy to avoid. These may not seriously mar the sale of a magazine (it is doubtful whether any of its poetry would be sufficiently read either to mar or improve its sale), but they are not in the line of what is called "home-reading;" they have no affinity with the evening lamp and the kindly, spectacled old lady, and the young girl in her 'teens. They are ubiquitous, and they are not in the line of what is called "home-reading;" they have no affinity with the evening lamp and the kindly, spectacled old lady, and they oung girl in her 'teens. They are ubiquitous, and they are very prompt about renewing their yearly subscriptions—unless

And so it dies and is forgotten, whether it deserves to die and be forgotten or no. In either case its demise and its oblivion are certain results.

Thus we see that public taste is absolutely regardless of all poetry whatever, save in a few trifling instances of little lyrical collections that are themselves trifling. But, meanwhile, like hardy plants in an arid and ungenial soil, we have to-day a bevy of existent poets concerning whom it may be truly stated that their thrift and prosperity, such as they are, only prove how much broader and deeper accomplishment a more welcome surrounding might win from them.

The poetry of Mr. Aldrich needs no encomium; its beauty and strength have for nearly three decades been treasured and admired. If Mr. Stedman's readers are too hasty or too listless to care for his longer pieces, exquisite briefer ones, like "The Doorstep," "Anonyma," "The Undiscovered Country," "Ilium Fuit," "Sleighing," "Youth and Age" and "Falstaff's Song" must leap to the eye and insist on being read. Joaquin Miller's best poetry was perhaps his "Songs of the Sierras," but these have won for him the just praise of being called a Byron of the Occident. Mr. Bret Harte has wrung from the lyre richer and graver notes than the brisk treble ones of his unique "Heathen Chinee." Mr. John Hay, similarly fortunate, has sung with a gravity and power not found in those two most striking dialectic ballads, "Jim Bludsoe" and "Little Breeches." Mr. Maurice Thompson, a veritable Western Theocritisheems with blended sweetness and strength. Mr. Gilder, besides having given us some of the finest sonnets in the English tongue, has frequently shown a starlike and spiritual eloquence past dispute. Mr. Bunner, besides his strangely melodious and haunting "Aready," has disclosed rare gifts of pathos, humanity and spontaneity. Miss Edith Thomas's enchanting poems are the very frost-frescoes of inspiration, so ethereal is the fern-like texture of their ideal and fantastic harmony. Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, born a flanne-winge

of whom space vetoes the mention, are past-masters in their art.

Names of younger and most promising poets, like those of Bliss Carman (a singer of lark-like, unpremeditated cadences), Will H. Hayne (a lyrist of piercing sweetness), Frank Dempster Sherman (with his musical intaglios a delightful lapidary of song), Clinton Scollard (who slips from allegro to penseroso, and back again, with such lissom skill), Robert Underwood Johnson (meditating, felicitous and impressive), Frederick Peterson (a sort of latter-day Heine, shorn of his pessimism)—names like these, I say, occur to me at random as I end this trivial tribute. And one thing is sure: however the flame of poetry may for a time flicker and dwindle, these bide among its faithful watchers. It can never wholly fade, and some day when it starts again into brilliant life, on the brows of such as these, its devoted guardians, must flash its first full, recognizing rays!

ODE TO A ROASTED GOOSE.

ODE TO A ROASTED GOOSE.

A PUNGENT fragrance all my spirit soothes,
And with an unseen hand, bejeweled, fair,
All the rough creases most serenely smoothes
Out of the weary trouser's seat of care.
These savory vapors rise, oh goose! from thee,
Enameled crisp and brown,
To waken dreams of rare felicity
Within my old bald crown,
Until I drift in flowery ether free
To some remote Arcadian retreat,
Where a dark houri fondly looks at me
And murmurs "Pete!"

And nurmars Peter !

Mellifluous, ambrosial, in a trance, [
Through thee I hear old Pan play on his reed,
And watch the nymphs and fauns and satyrs dance
To the gay time, on some Illyrian mead
Located up in Harlem.—Sweetly I,
Behind the drum-sticks grin
In airy indolence with half-closed eye,
While softly off my chin
Thy unctuous essence trickles more and more,
Till in my perfect joy I almost cry:
"I don't think thou with leave me room e'en for
A piece of pie."

Thy meat to thee, oh bird of antique shape, Is what its song is to the nightingale, And with the purple liquid of the grape Washed down, all other birds before thee pall.

Methinks I'll have another slice of breast, Some gravy and a wing, Another drum-stick too I'll gaily test, Another drum-stick too I'll ganly test,
Then happy as a king,
I'll leave the board with sleepy step and slow,
And all my flowers of fancy free and loose
To make a fitting garland for thee, oh
Most noble goose! —R. I -R K M

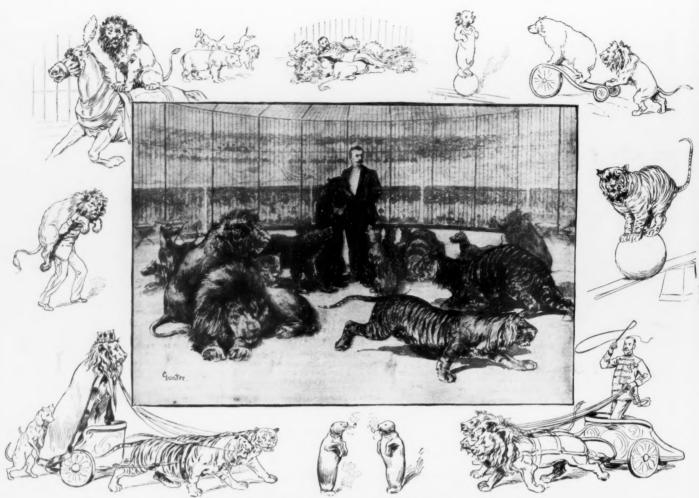
Drummond-"The orchestra had rather play Wagner

Drummond— The offchestra had rather play wagner usic than anything else."
Pfifer—"I had an idea it was rather difficult."
Drummond—"It is, but if they happen to make a par-cularly bad discord, the audience is sure to break into

Jess—"I like to have Chappie call; he tickles me so." Bess—"The idea! I'd slap his face."

MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.

A large handsome Map of the United States, mounted and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Bur-lington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of fifteen cents in postage by P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago, Ill.



SOME OF THE FEATS OF HAGENBECK'S TRAINED ANIMALS.—(See page 11.)



SHOOTING TURKEYS IN OLD NEW YORK.

"At the New Year and Christmas festivities it was the custom to go out on the ice on Beekman's and such like swamps to shoot at turkeys; every one paid a price for his shot, as at a mark, and if he hit it so as to draw blood, it was his for a New Year's or Christmas dinner. A fine subject this for Dr. Laidlie's preaching and reformation."—Watson's Annals of New York.



THE DAY IN MANY PARTS OF OUR UNION.



CHRISTMAS CAROLS-OLD AND NEW.

"Glory to God in the Highest; and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

So sang the angelic choir to the startled Shepherds of Judea, nearly two thousand years ago, voicing the pruses of the Newly Born; so sing we and all Christen-dom to-day, celebrating this birth, the birth of the Chustr; for so run the words of the first Christmas cand

carol.

Many have been the tortured derivations of this word "carol," many the forced and untrue meanings given to the term. But I take it that the simplest derivation is that from the Latin, carolare, and its plainest meaning "to sing songs of joy," the literal translation of the

ing "to sing songs of joy," the literal translation of the word.

Christmas is the great joyous festival of the Christian church. Carols are the most joyous of songs sung by her votaries. And, although there are Easter carols and carols for other festivals the word is inseparably connected with the songs of mirth, of this joyous, merry time of Christmastide.

There is a life of St. Eligius, written by St. Onero in the vear 672, in which the good Bishop of Noyen forbids his flock indulging in "balls, dances, carols or diabolical songs on the Feast of St. John the Baptist, or any other festivals of saints," showing very clearly that the word was there used to represent one of the heathen rites that had been transferred to a Christian festival. It is of earlier origin, then, than Christianity,

But compare this with the celebrated manuscript of Bridfrithus Bameliensis, now in the Bodleian Library, and of about the date of the year 980. In this work the writer speaks of worthy monks observing the sacred hour "mid kyrriole und engla lofgesange" (with carols and angels' lauds). Here again is the meaning of our modern carol. Chaucer makes use of the word in the "Knight's Tale," where he speaks of

and, in the Dream of Chaucer, are these lines:

And from these early days to our own the word is often found in the works of the more prominent writers. Some of the examples of the older forms of carols are preserved. There is a noted one called "Prose de l'âne," which was annually sung at Beauvais and Sens, on the Feast of the Circumcision, as early as the twelfth century. It formed an important part of a ceremonial connected with the "Fête de l'âne," the ceremonial referred to representing the Flight into Egypt. A richty caparisoned ass, bearing upon its back a young maiden with a

child in her arms, was led through the streets of the city, and finally brought to the gates of the cathedral, while the multitude chanted to this ancient melody these words:



There are other noted carols of this time, "Der Tag der ist so freundlich," in Germany, and "Tis een dach von vrolichkeit," in Holland, bearing date of not more than a century later than the "Prose de l'âne."

During the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries there were written many beautiful carols. Palestrina's teacher, Nanini, has left a remarkable example of the contrapuntal science of his day in "Hodie Christus natus est"; and Du Caurroy, in France, and Marengio, in Italy, have each made a name for himself—one as collector, the other as composer of these Christmas songs.

In England there is a large class of festive songs that treat of the secular side of the Christmas holiday, many of them referring to the eating and drinking and baking and brewing of the time, not the least interesting of which having reference to a famous dish called "The Boar's Head."

There is a single sheet, preserved from a collection printed by Wynkyn de Worde in the year 1521, and upon it a carol which refers to this same "Boar's Head."

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There is a single sheet, preserved from a collection printed by Wynkyn de Worde in the year 1521, and upon it a carol which refers to this same "Boar's Head."

And this is identical with the carol sung every Christmas Day at Queen's College, Oxford, as the boar's head is brought to the table.

And this is the story it commemorates:

A student of Queen's College was on his way one Christmas morning to say mass at Hosspath, a village not far from Oxford. There is a forest at Shotover, on the way, and here the student was attacked by a wild boar. He had nothing with which to defend himself save a volume of Aristotle, which he promptly thrust down the boar's throat and went on to his service. On his return, finding the dead boar still holding the Greek classic in his jaws, he severed the head from the body and bore it home i

There is sung to this day, in Yorkshire, a carol, the first verse of which is as follows:

So fair to be seen. Love and joy come to you, And to your wassail, too; And God bless you and send you A Happy New Year."

This is a true "Wassail Song," and is the song caroled at the doorway by the wandering minstrels, who are dependent upon their richer neighbors for the means of enjoying the holiday. The singers go from door to door, offering with their carols a wassail bough or a wassail bowl. The bough represents the modern Christmastree. The bowl is offered at every house, and those who partake of the drink which it contains are expected to reward the singers with a substantial present. Sometimes the carolers are girls, as this verse would seem to indicate:

"Good dame, here at your daure Our wassail we begin. We are all maidens poor, We now pray let us in, With our wassail,"

Sometimes young men, as appears from this:

"Be here any maids? I suppose there be some, Sure you'll not let young men stand on the cold stone. Sung heigho, maids, come troll back the pin, And the fairest maid in the house let us all in,"

The te'm "to wassail" means literally to go about drinking health. The word wassail is derived from two Saxon words meaning "be well."

The word "Noël," found so frequently in old English carols, comes from the French, and was probably carried over to Great Britain at the time of the Norman conquest. It is not only the term used by the French for the feast of Christmas, but for a Christmas carol as well

for the feast of Christmas, but for a Christmas carol as well.

The history of the carol in England—and even to-day we look to England for the majority of our carols—has been varied from reign to reign. In early days the Chapel Royal choir sang carols at court. There is a record of a Christmas kept by Henry VII. when the singers "sang a caroll." Queen Elizabeth kept Christmas in right royal fashion, "with the singing of carols and with dancing." Charles I. ordered the nobility and gentry to keep open house on Christmas Day at their country seats, and bade them sing "carols and joyous music." But Puritanism did away with "all observation of the five-and-twentieth day of December, commonly called Christmas Day," and the Scottish Parliament, in 1582, decreed against the "singing of carolles without or within kirks and all sik uthers superstitions and papistical rites," and the Christmas carol has never since regained the position it held up to and during the reign of Charles I. A popular ballad of the Restoration period thus alludes to this change in the times:

"Gone are those golden days of yore

"Gone are those golden days of yor When Christmas was a high day Whose sports we now shall see no sports we now shall see arned into Good Friday

Whose sports we now shall see no more, "Tis turned into Good Friday."

During the past few years a marked change has been observed in the matter of Christmas carols in England and in our own country. The great number of writers of music in England are one and all writers of church music. Barnby, Stainer, Sullivan, Dykes, Monk, Smart, Calkin, Tours and all the rest are composing all the time for their several church choirs, and invariably try their hand at carol writing. And in our own country, Dudley Buck, Horatio Parker, Gerrit Smith, George William Warren, John Hyatt Brewer, Homer N. Bartlett, Frederic Grant Gleason, Harry Rowe Shelley—these and many others have instinctively followed the lead of their English brethren. Among the many carols of the present Christmastide possibly none follows the traditions closer as to form and feeling, structure and sentiment, than this, the latest from the pen of Dr. Gerrit Smith, set to words written by the late Phillips Brooks. Words and music go admirably together. The story is told in the bishop's graceful, unaffected manner, and is voiced in music chaste and simple in its melody and sweetly reverent in feeling. Both words and music unite in beautifying the theme, the history of Christmas carols—

"O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above the deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark street shineth
The everlasting light:
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in Thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above;
While mortals sleep, the angels ke
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the king,
And peace to men on earth."

FREDERIC DEAN

Judge-"Discharged! But don't let me see you here again."
O'Taff-"'Tis me wud be sorry to see yer 'oner re-

Wanterno—"What is your opinion about the silver question?" Saidso—"Damn bore."

There is good news for our readers who are victims of Diseases, Catarrh, Brouchitis and Consumption, in the wond cures made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Au Broca Discovery. Write to the New Medical Advance, 67 Ea-Street, Cheinmati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treat for free trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.

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MONTELL IN ENLECTVINING Tunckeen and a good luck dinner 中

HE fin de siècle conception of entertaining puts novelty before all things else, and the successful social function of today needs must have some definite purpose in its plan of action to stifle yawns and baffle ennui.

The hostess up to date knows that she must relieve her guests of all such arduous tasks as self-entertainment, and hence devious are the methods she adopts, from importing the latest danseuse to arranging a hypnotic séance with which to season her hospitality with spiciness.

For an affair as small as a ladies' luncheon a very charming idea for the amusement of the guests is to have at each place the name of some familiar book illustrated. The first one guessing her book gets a prize. They should be very easy and humorous when possible, so as to make it simply an amusing incident of the occasion rather than one of those terrible ordeals termed an "intellectual amusement."

"The Light that Failed" is represented by a small candlestick in which is a candle half burned and blown out.

"The Quick or the Dead" is suggested by two small monkeys on a pen-wiper. One stands up alive—the quick; the other toppled over is the dead.

"On Both Sides" is a plain white card, the word "on" written on both sides of it.

"Pickwick Papers" makes an odd hundle—a few toothnicks. a lamp-wick

it.

"Pickwick Papers" makes an odd bundle—a few toothpicks, a lamp-wick and some papers being tied together.

"The Scarlet Letter" is a large "A" covered with scarlet ribbon.

"Madcap Violet" is a jester's cap to which is pinned a bunch of violets.

"A Bow of Orange Ribbon" is literally what its name describes.

"Redgauntlet" is a single red glove or gauntlet.

or gauntlet.
"Black Beauty" is a very gayly dressed small black doll.
may be quite

"Black Beauty" is a very gayly dressed small black doll.

And many other books may be quite as well illustrated, the greater the variety the cleverer the design.

A dinner that would be particularly appropriate for New Year's Day could have at the place of each guest some one of the many objects which are accounted talismans of good luck.

Superstition is at present one of the reigning fads, and fashion as well as folly sanctions the treasuring of all manner of odd trash to offer upon the altar of fate, and so no souvenir could be provided at an entertainment which could be valued more highly. Some of the "treasures trove" that would be most suitable to lay at each place are:

A worn horseshoe with the crooked nails left in it, gilded.

A genuine rabbit's foot, a card with it upon which is written "The left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit, captured by the light of the moon."

A pressed four-leaved clover, tied with narrow ribbon on a card upon which is written the quotation,

"I wish you thought I brought good luck, Like some stray four-leaved clover."

A "lucky penny," being an old red copper cent with a hole through it.

97

A "lucky penny," being an old red copper cent with a hole through it. A small pocket-pincushion upon which is worked the motto:

"See a pin and pick it up, All the day you'll have

A large rusty nail, gilded and tied in

a ribbon bow.

A tiny St. Joseph's image, the patron saint of matrimony.

A single yellow silk garter upon which is worked, "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

Two gilded luck bones on a strip of ribbon, upon which is written in gilt letters:

Two merry luck bones here you see, One for you and one for me; When we meet we'll puil them together, No matter the wind, no matter the weather.'

A small knot of rope, supposed to be e lucky hangman's rope, accompanied the jargon:

"The hemp of the hangman's rope Will bring you luck and always he

The rattle from a rattlesnake, a silver sixpence in an envelope, or any other omen of good luck that the hostess knew of and could devise.

J. C.

"A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE."

CAR WILDE's new play was produced for the first in America by Rose Coghlan at the Fifth Avenue tre, on the 11th inst., before an appreciative audithere is much to admire in this latest achieve of the brilliant Oscar, and still more to deprecate as clever and sparkling and risqué as a first-class chancel. Its trenchant cynicism is decidedly sing, judging from the ripples of laughter that ever the house at frequent intervals, but—there very big But in the case—paterfamilias ends by

shaking his head and wishing he had left the buds at home. The diatribes on society, of a titled and cynical roue, and the woes of the misguided woman who furnished him with an early instance of her sex's frailty, are not precisely the kind of entertainment which honest Jonathan considers wholesome for his daughters.

Here are some of the smart sayings of Mr. Wilde's epigrammatic lords and ladies:

women are sphinxes without secrets.

Nothing succeeds like excess.

One should always kiss women who lecture one.

Cigars are awfully expensive; I can only afford them hen I'm in debt.

The soul is born old and grows young; that is life's medy.

medy.

Men marry because they are tired; women because Men marry because they are tired; women because they are curious.

Talk to every woman as if you loved her; to every man as if he bores you.

Wonderful how many things are said behind one's back which are absolutely true!

If one wants to know what a woman really means one must look at her, not listen to her.

The appiness of a married man depends on the women he has not married.

The play is beautifully staged and the cast of the characters happily arranged. Miss Coghlan is a trifle cold as Mrs. Arbuthnot, but no wonder. The part is not exactly a grateful one. The other actresses are equal to their parts and dress exquisitely. Mr. Maurice Barrymore as Lord Illingworth is rather tame. The mounting of the play, which is of course entirely modern, leaves nothing to be desired.—(See page 5.)

THE LADY AND THE LIONS.

MISS PRESCOTT TELLS WHAT SHE SAW AT HAGENBECK'S.

FULFILLING our promise of last week, we give, in this number, an illustration of the feats of Hagenbeck's animals, at Tattersall's. We also sent one of our contributors, a lady, to inspect the show, and here is her account.

contributors, a lady, to inspect the snow, and here is nea account:
"I wish I could get the manners of that bear," said a dude of the Four Hundred, who sat in the front row of seats before the private boxes, the other night at Hagenbeck's. "For absolute sang froid, polite listlessness and the semi-ennui of Good Form he takes the cake. Just look at him now! See how he regards the audience, occasionally pausing to get a longer look at a new hat, or turning his head to get a second glance at a pretty face. I tell you, that bear walking around on his hind legs and looking at the audience in that critical way is human. Wonder what he thinks of us here in New York?"

or turning his head to get a second glance at a pretty face. I tell you, that bear walking around on his hind legs and looking at the audience in that critical way is human. Wonder what he thinks of us here in New York?"

The bear, after taking in the dude critically and curling his upper lip in a sly smile, passed on to where the tamer was distributing bits of meat among the eighteen lions, dogs, tigers and ponies in the cage; and then, taking his upright position again, continued his walk around the arena, still critically gazing. If he had been asked his impressions of this country he would no doubt have replied, as have other foreign visitors, in a cynical way. But if he had told the truth he would have owned that he found the interest in his appearance very pleasant. Moreover, he would have added that he found it much pleasanter to travel in a country where animals are rare than in one which is both traditionally and actually saturated with them. Countries that have a reserve of wild animals can never appreciate them as do we who can only boast of a buffalo or two, a stray deer, or rare specimens of bruin himself. But of all the animals in this show the ones most entitled to be asked an opinion are the seals in the seal orchestra, those that play the guitar and keep good time on the tambourines. Of course they are real seals, for the Hagenbecks are all real animals. But to see them wriggling about and obeying commands so absolutely, and playing the guitars with their finsactually picking up the strings with some degree of harmony—savors of the human being.

The night I went to Hagenbeck's there san text to me Add. Ryman, the minstrel, who twenty years ago filled the Bijou Theatre to the doors every night with his sallies, his blackened face, his musical voice and his stump speeches. As we sat there watching it all, Helena, the lioness, came on with a great dog at her heels and was put through her paces upon a pony, making the jumps and landing upon his back with the greatest ease, just as if she were an ex

"That lion is a handsome looker, Add, 'said be, 'but he's harmless. He's at least forty years old, and he hasn't a tooth in his head; and all his nails are clipped, so he can't scratch. Do you notice how I always feed him myself? That's because he has to eat pap and mash. And I have to give him beef-tea and phosphates to build him up. Last night when he snarled so he was so weak that a child of six could have knocked him down. He snarls in play. I have taught him to snarl and roar for his pap. But he's a beauty! Just go out and talk with him a minute.

"Well, I did as Frayne wanted me to, just to oblige him. And the result was that I went on that might and put my head in the lion's mouth, and did the deed up with the finest. But since then I haven't cared much for lion-tamers."

The lioness was growling fiercely as Ryman told his story, and I felt afraid of her, for all. I thought of the story afterward, as I saw the animals in their cages put away for the night. The bear had curled himself up like a big Newfoundland dog, and was sleepily watching the dogs, that were, in turn, near the wild bears, which were happily and amiably contemplating the sleek sides of the ponies who lay to rest in their stalls. "It is a wonderful show," said I, "even if I were willing to believe that all the lions are toothless, the bepants muscless, and the tigers only painted dogs. When you see wild bears tad likes of criticising."—(See page 8.)



VROOMAN—BLACK.

AT St. John's Church, Washington, on Dec. 13th, Miss Grace Black, daughter of Representative John C. Black, of Illinois, was married to Rev. Frank Buffington Vrooman, of the Salem Street Congregational Church, Worcester, Mass. The members of the Cabinet, the Justices of the Supreme Court and other prominent officials were present at the ceremony.

PECK-MATTHIESEN.

Dr. Morton Roberts Peck, of this city, and Miss Adele Matthiesen, of Newburg, N. Y., were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents. Cornwall Heights, on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 13th. The ceremony was performed by Rev. P. J. Agnew, D.D., rector of St. Sylvester's Church, Chicago.

ESSEX-GRANT.

There was a brilliant wedding in old St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, London, England, on the afternoon of Thursday, Dec. 14th, when Miss Adele Grant, daughter of the late Beach Grant, of New York, was united in marriage to the Earl of Essex, whose full name is George Devereux de Vere Capell. The ceremony was performed by Archdeacon Farrar, assisted by three other clergymen. The bride wore a white satin gown trimmed with Alençon lace, a veil of Alencon lace and a diamond tiara, the gift of the bridegroom. There were seven bridesmaids. Baron Tuyll was the best man. Sir Arthur Sullivan presided at the organ. Over three hundred wedding presents were received. The honeymoon will be spent at Cassiobury, the seat of the Earl of Essex.

HAVEMEYER—SANDS.

The marriage of Miss Katherine Aymar Sands, youngest daughter of the late Samuel S. Sands, to Mr. Theodore A. Havemeyer, Jr., took place on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 14th, in Grace Church. The bride was robed in white satin with point lace trimmings, point lace veil and orange blossoms. The six bridesinaids were dressed alike in gowns of white moiré, brocaded with roses and trimmed with pink chiffon. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. B. Aymar Sands. A reception followed the ceremony at the home of the bride, No. 385 Fifth Avenue.

SEEBER-SILVA.

Miss Alice Priscilla Silva and Mr. Charles Seeber, Jr. ere married on Thursday evening, Dec. 14th, in the erman Lutheran Church, at Stapleton, Staten Island.

CHANDLER—EDSON.

At Trinity Church, Rock Island, III., on Dec. 14th, Miss Agatha B. Edson, daughter of the late Major Theodore Edson, U. S. A., was married to Ensign Lloyd Chandler, U. S. N., son of Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire.

NORRIS-DIXON.

At Baltimore, Md., at the residence of the bride's father, on Dec. 14th, Miss Laura Lee Dixon was married to Mr. William T. Norris. The ceremony was performed according to the ritual of the Society of Friends, and was followed by a reception.

The Judge-"How can you swear the handkerchief

yours?"
Plaintiff—"By the color."
The Judge—"But I have one exactly like it."
Plaintiff—"That does not astonish me; I had several

"My dear," said Mr. Sowerby to his wife, "I wisk, you would have some of these dumplings of yours when Mr. Teale is here to dinner."
"I thought you didn't like Mr. Teale, love," replied Mrs. Sowerby, sweetly.
"I don't."



EUGENE KELLY, THE BANKER

EUGENE KELLY.

The announcement is made that the banking firm of Eugene Kelly & Co. will be dissolved in the spring. This will remove from the turmoil of active business the aged founder of the house, who is now in his eighty-fifth year. Mr. Eugene Kelly was born in 1808, in the suburbs of Trillick, a small village in the County Tyrone, to which place the family had migrated, in 1880, from Galway, where they had lost two-thirds of their property, which was confiscated by the Crown in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

place the family had migrated, in 1980, from Garway, where they had lost two-thirds of their property, which was confiscated by the Crown in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Mr. Kelly is a son of Thomas Boyne O'Kelly, of Mulaghmore, a member of which family sat in the Irish Parliament, in Dublin, in the year 1585, his name being extant on the Herald's Roll of that assembly. Owing to increased poverty, Mr. O'Kelly dropped both the O'an'l the 'Mullaghmore,' which are, however, both to be found on his tomb. He was unety-six years of age when he died. He was not energed in any business, and was not a farmer, as has been erroneously stated in a number of daily papera. He owned several small properties, on the income of which he lived. One of these he turned over to Mr. Eugene Kelly when the latter determined to come to this country.

Mr. Eugene Kelly, previous to leaving Ireland, had heen offered a clerkship in the firm of Donnelly & Co., of South William Street, in this city, which position he eccupied for a few years, and then went West, establishing a house for himself, first in Maysville, Kentucky, and afterward in St. Louis. He then married a sister of his former employers, who died in St. Louis. About the same time Mr. Kelly temporarily retired from business. When the gold-fever broke out he went to San Francisco, although at that time he was already considered a wealthy man. After remaining there for some years, he turned his business over to two of his partners, who became the firm of Murphy, Grant & Co.

Mr. Kelly then started in the banking business in partnership with Joseph A. Donohoe, William Ralston and D. O. Mills. After a brief existence this firm dissolved, both Mr. Ralston and Mr. Mills going into business on their own account. Mr. Kelly and Mr. Donohoe then formed the firm of Donohoe, Kelly & Co., which existed until two years ago, when it was changed into a joint stock company, known as the Donohoe-Kelly Banking Co., and is doing a brisk business at the present time.

In 1856 Mr. Kelly came to New Y

Miss Margaret Hughes, a niece of the late Archbishop of New York, and his present wife.

Mr. Kelly was never a very demonstrative man in the public eye, being of that nature that shuns notoriety and seeks congenial comfort in the quiet circles of private life. Nevertheless, when occasion demanded, he displayed an aptitude for public affairs which showed that had he cared, he might have become as celebrated and successful in politics as in busifiess. He was an ardent patriot—he is and will remain so to the end, no doubt—and the deep interest he took in the parliamentary struggle for Irish home rule, the liberality of his own contributions, the energy of his appeals for aid from other wealthy men, will endear his name forever among people of his race and faith. On one occasion his check was for \$20,000 to the parliamentary fund; which was followed, it is said, by a cabled assurance that \$130,000 more would be forthcoming if required.

The retirement of such a man from business circles is an event that cannot be passed over without some public note of approbation. It does not mean, however, that his interest in Irish affairs is to cease, we are glad to be able to state. In a late interview the veteran banker is reported to have spoken thus:

"For three years now I have been trying to get out of business, and this year I expect to close my connection with my partners, Joseph A. Donohoe of San Francisco, and my two sons, Eugene, Jr., and Edward.

"At the present time I do not positively know what their plans are, but I think it is doubtful whether the house will be continued. It is likely that it will be dissolved during the spring. Advanced age and failing health have led me to desire to retire from active business file."

The health of an octogenarian is always precarious; but we believe there is nothing in the condition of the aged banker to occasion serious alarm. Nevertheless, the caution he considers necessary to preserve health compelled him lately to decline a very high honor conferred upon him by Pope Leo XIII. This was "Chamberlain of the Cape and Sword," in the Pope's household, acceptance of which would necessitate a visit to Rome.

A WOMAN'S POLITICAL CREED.

A WOMAN'S POLITICAL CREED.

If a Democrat be one who serves
His country best and lets all else go by,
Nor ever from the line of duty swerves.
For fear or favor—that, alone, am I.

If a Republican in battle wage
Just war against accumulated wrong,
And lead the advance-guard of a purer age
lly might of right—I to his side belong.

If "Independent" he who sees the best
Pure gold in either, sifts it from the clay,
And beats it into armor for his breast—
I wear his colors proudly from this day.
Yet rather would I wait the time when all I wear his colors proundy from this day.

Yet rather would I wait the time when all

Shall work together for the general good,

When narrow creeds and prejudice shall fall

Before one grand, triumphant brotherhood.

—CHARLOTTE JARVIS.

A DISPATCH from Bulawayo, South Africa, comes regularly twice or three times a week announcing the surrender or the capture of King Lo Bengula of the Matabeles. All South Africa is quiet except where Lo has taken refuge—which would go to show that the king is not quite ready to quit yet.

THE General Theological Seminary of New York has bought the collection of Bibles belonging to the late Dr. Copinger, Professor of Law in the Victoria University, London. There are five hundred and forty-three Bibles in all, published at various times since the fifteenth century.



HER FIRST LOVE LETTER.



A POLITICAL CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Some Christmas Boxes.



HE goodly old custom of giving presents does not seem to have been frightened away by the begey of hard does not seem to have been frightened away by the begey of hard times. Judging from the rich and beautiful displays in the shops, and the number of eager purchasers flitting and buzzing around among them. like bees in clover, it would appear that a good dnany people we redestined to be made happy when the time came for making an end of the secrecy that surrounds the Christmas shopping. There is something delightfully stimulating in that atmosphere of mystery which preedes the great day of rejoicing. To women, especially, it is positive biles to hold whispered conferences with heads together, during which their plans are unfolded and developed and discussed with a solemnity which their plans are unfolded and developed and discussed with a solemnity which their plans are unfolded and developed and discussed with a solemnity which their plans are unfolded and developed and discussed with a solemnity which their plans are unfolded and developed and discussed with a solemnity which their plans are unfolded and developed and discussed with a solemnity which their plans are unfolded and developed and discussed with a solemnity which their plans are unfolded and developed and discussed with a solemnity which their plans are unfolded and developed and discussed with a solemnity which their plans are unfolded and developed and discussed with a solemnity which their plans are unfolded and developed and discussed with a solemnity which which which were also who had sternly declared it was all nonsense to make a fuss about their plans and who had resolutely tied up their purchased with a design of the work and who had resolutely declared and whith their more generous fellows. It is a parlor screen of white satin, effectively embroidered in chemite ribbon. The frame is gold. It will be seen that the designs of the two panels are different, and the shape of the screen is exquisitely light and graceful. No. 2 represents a ch

\$7.50.

No. 18 is a silver eraser-holder. No. 19 is a silver-handled nail-file and seissors. No. 20 is a silver match-box, with an enameled top, in a beautifully colored design. No. 21 is a silver cigar-clip,



ONCE A WEEK.

handsomely chased. No. 22 is a cigarlighter of silver in the shape of a thistle, a very dainty affair.

A beautiful little vinaigrette is shown in No. 23. It is of silver with enameled top, in a rose design. The price of this pretty trifle is \$15. No. 24 is a shopping-bag copied from an old style. It is made of black beads arranged systematically on a knitted foundation of silk. The bag in No. 25 is of the popular lizard skin and has gold clasps.

A real gem of art is the silver cigarette-case shown in No. 26. It is of solid silver with an enameled top which is designed in initiation of an old painting. Considering its unique and interesting character, one would not mind giving \$40 for such a desirable gift. No. 27 is a mirror in a silver frame, rococo design. No. 28 is a Rockwood vase, with silver deposit in rococo design. The effect is extremely rich.

No. 29 is a plain fluted silver vase in a new shape and design. No. 30 is a pretty oval photo frame in light blue leather. No. 31 is a silver mucilage-pot, a very convenient accessory of the writing-table; No. 32 is a very decorative photo frame in gold, clover design. One of the very latest novelties in fancy goods is shown in No. 34. It is a leather portfolio carved by hand in a beautiful design; the edge is finished with harness stitch. Many lovely things are made of this carved leather, but they are very expensive. No. 35 is a blotter pad with silver corners. No. 36 is an ingeniously combined watch and calendar, hung by a chain from three silver sticks placed wigwam fashion. Nos. 37 and 38 show a cigar-case and a notebook of Java lizard, mounted, one in silver, the other in gold. No. 39 is a gentleman's card-case of carved leather. No. 40 is a shaving brush with a gold woven handle.

The greater number of the objects described above were made by the Gorham Manufacturing Co., to whom thanks are

The greater number of the objects described above were made by the Gorham Manufacturing Co., to whom thanks are due for information received.

I wendolen Jay

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Shakespeare, in the graveyard scene, Act V., of Hamlet, makes two clowns, who, by the way, are grave-diggers, talk as follows: First Clown.—There is no ancient gen-

First Clown.—There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

Second Clown.—Was he a gentleman?

First Clown.—He was the first that ever

First Cloun.

bore arms.

Second Clown.—Why, he had none.

First Clown.—What! are a heathen?

How dost thou understand the Scripture?

The Scripture says, "Adam digged." Could he dig without arms? I'll put another

question to thee; if thou answerest not me to the purpose, confess thyself.

Second Clown.—Go to!

First Clown.—What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

Second Clown.—The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

First Clown.—I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well, but how does it well? It does well to those that do ill. Now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the Church. Argal, the gallows may do well to thee; to 't again, come.

Second Clown.—Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

First Clown.—Ay, tell me that, and un-

ter?
First Clown.—Ay, tell me that, and un-

ter?

First Clown.—Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

Second Clown.—Marry, now, I can tell!

First Clown.—To 't!

Second Clown.—Mass! I cannot.

First Clown.—Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are asked this question next, say "a grave-maker;" the houses that he makes last till doomsday.

Shakespeare's grave-digger deserves first prize, and the fin de siècle man who invented the term "funeral director" ought to be awarded second. For a long, long time they were content to be called "undertakers," but like poor Yorick's skull in Hamlet's hands, the term smelled too rank, and they must needs change it for one more dignified. The undertaker has become "the funeral director," God bless the mark!

THE SEXTON.

THE SEATON.

THE sexton dug a deeper grave,
And capered round with glee:
"O Christmas-tide will soon be here,
And lives are old, and leaves are sere
And work enough for me.
Ho! ho!
For Death's the piper here below,
And all must dance to him, I trow,
With a fol de rol de ridle ro!"

With a folder older idle ro!"
A sailor skims the tallest mast,
And scans the trackless sea:
"O fools may prate of storm or fate,
But my sweet lass, or soon or late,
Shall in her love's arms be,
Ho! ho!
And 'neath the hanging mistletoe,
Her ruddy cheeks shall ruddier glow,
With a folder older idle ro!"

With a fol de rol de ridle ro!"

The gallant vessel reaches shore,
By good, glad Christmas-tide;
True love in Winter finds its Spring,
And Christmas bells a wedding ring,
Heigh ho! the happy bride!
Beneath the snow the sexton lies,
His face turned upward to the skies,
Alas for earthly pride,
Alas for earthly pride,
For Death's the piper here below,
And all must dance to him, I trow,
With a fol de rol de ridle ro!"

—ARTHUR J. LAMB.

FALB'S EARTHQUAKE PRE-DICTIONS.

A NEW THEORY OF THE CAUSE OF PHYSI-CAL CONVULSIONS.

A NEW THEORY OF THE CAUSE OF PHYSICAL CONVULSIONS.

DR. FALB, of Vienna, has for a number of years been generally known for his predictions of earthquakes to occur on certain dates, and so many of these predictions have been successful that he has become one of the most talked-about scientific men of this immediate period.

Rudolf Falb is an Austrian by birth, about fifty years of age, who has long been held in high repute for his accurate and comprehensive knowledge of linguistics and philology, his mastership of nearly a dozen languages, including thorough acquaintance with Hebrew and Sanskrit, in which he is a recognized authority. Notwithstanding his devotion to these branches of general science, he has found time to travel extensively over the world, and also to study, with great depth of judgment and the most earnest enthusiasm, the subjects of physics, astronomy and meteorology. These studies resulted in his entering upon the prediction from time to time of the occurrence of earthquakes, which proved, as a rule, remarkably close, and naturally attracted general public attention.

At the beginning of the winter of 1892–93, Dr. Falb made public his predictions for the present year, dividing them into three classes, under the general title "Disturbances." The dates given were as follows:

MAXIMUM DISTURBANCES.—February 16, March 18, April 16, May 15, Soutenber 10.

lows:
Maximum disturbances.—February 16,
March 18, April 16, May 15, September 10,
September 25, October 25 and November

23.

Major Disturbances.—January 2, February 1, March 2, April 1, June 14, July 13, August 11, August 27, October 9 and December 23.

Minor disturbances.—January 18, May 1, May 30, June 29, July 28 and December 8.

At this point the writer desires to indicate the purpose of this paper, which is to show: That Dr. Falb's predictions are legitimate, made on a basis of natural law, and originate, in the writer's judgment, in his (Dr. Falb's) computation, study and comparison of planetary phenomena, with the interpretation thereof in regard to their effect singly or mutually on the physical phenomena of the earth.

That certain physical effects on the earth follow certain physical conditions and relations of the planets is generally conceded by astronomers and physicists. Thus changed conditions have been observed in agreement with the major and minor sun-spot periods, and so also with eclipses, either of the sun or moon. But the subject has not been carried further by scientists; while it has only been slowly and with difficulty that the concessions here alluded to have been made, although it is many years since perturbations among the planets were first admitted to exercise important and powerful influence. To put the whole responsibility of physical phenomena, as these occur upon the earth's surface, upon the shoulders of planetary movements and configurations, would seem to be an audacious thing to do in the light of accepted science; yet this is precisely, in the writer's belief, what Dr. Falb accepts as the situation in the premises; and in this view it is the writer's purpose to bear him out with the presentation of the two classes of facts, i.e., the planetary constellations and the physical phenomena all over the world. But following always the best accessible information as to the facts, and relying on the American Ephenomeris and Nautical Almanac for the planetary positions, it is unlikely that there can be very much or very important error in what follows:

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planetary relations. In a general way it may be said that the attraction of the sun and moon, when in conjunction or opposition, is vastly the most important of all, and this may be shown in a simple way of Fundy, which greatly increase under this combined influence. The nature of the law governing all this sensitive relation of the earth and the planets is certainly very difficult to show with the degree of fullness to be desired, yet enough can be given with our present light to make the simple fact of the existence of such a law obvious. Incidentally, it may be remarked that the appearance of a mimber of planets within the space of an absence of the influence exerted by them, doubtless increased through actual mass.

Among the special phenomena for 1893 two eclipses were announced: April 16, total eclipse of the sun; Oct. 9, annular eclipse of the sun. The first of these occurred at the beginning of the terrible system of earthquakes, which lasted from April 16 to April 20, inclusive. The

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planetary relations to be entertained on junctions, oppositions and squares, such being when planets are in the planets at all severes or oppositions of the sun and moon, and it oppositions of the sun and moon, and it oppositions of the sun and moon and it oppositions of the sun and moon of this force is greatly modified by extreme of one or the other of the series of other and upon the earth, the continued of one or the other and upon the earth, the positions of the sun and moon and it oppositions of the sun and moon, and it oppositions. In a general way it is not observed further that not one of the dates of this force is greatly modified by extreme of one or the other of the series of the force of the series of

Maximum Disturbances

Conjunction Sun, Moon and Mercury.
Conjunction Sun and Moon.
Conjunction Venus and Mercury.
Conjunction Surface and Uranus.
(At this time four planets were in two adjacent signs.
Conjunction Sun, Moon and Venus.
(At this time four planets were in Arles.)
Conjunction Sun, Moon and Venus.
(At this time four planets were in Arles.)
Conjunction Sun and Moon.
(The Sun, Moon, Jupiter, Venus and Mercury being in Taurus.)
Mercury being in Taurus.)
Conjunction Sun, Moon and Mars.
Opposition Sun and Moon.
Opposition Sun and Moon.
Conjunction Moon and Jupiter.
(and included the great hurri-May 15,

Nov. 23. Opposition Sun and Moon.
Nov. 23. Opposition Sun and Moon.
Nov. 24. Conjunction Moon and Jupiter.

This period included the great hurricane of Madagascar, February 15, and violent earthquakes in Yellowstone Park, and severe storms on the Scotch coast, all being between February 16 and 20. March 18th was distinguished by an earthquake in Asia Minor, followed by tremendous tornadoes in the South and West of the United States, including a disastrous cyclone which swept through the Mississippi Valley, and by an alarming volcanic eruption and earthquake in Columbia, S. C. April 16th, the same date which gave the calamitous series of earthquakes in Zante, was followed by several tornadoes and cyclones in Western America. May 15th was lacking in earthquakes, but to make up for this loss, a series of floods and rain-storms, tornadoes and cyclones, covering North America, seem to answer all reasonable demand.

On September 7th and 8th there were earthquakes at Belgrade and in New Mexico, and on the 10th there was an earth subsidence at Avila, in Spain, when a railway station and a number of houses were buried, and many persons were injured. September 25th was marked by the occurrence of a severe cyclonic storm on the Atlantic coast. On October 27th there was an earthquake at Verona, in Italy, which would seem to answer to the prediction of Dr. Falb for the 25th.

On November 23d the great earthquake which destroyed Kushan, in Persia, was at its height, when twelve thousand persons and fifty thousand animals perished. On that day a terrible storm added its horrors to those of the earthquake. Meanwhile, between November 21st and 23d a series of frightful gales devastated the coast of England and the Channel, many ships were wrecked and several hundred lives lost. All of this, it will be observed, took place while the sun was approaching and reaching an opposition to the moon and Jupiter combined, the latter two being in conjunction.

Major Deventors of Saturn and Jupiter.

Concurred Planetary Prenomena.

Moon and Sun in opposition, and a square of Saturn and Jupiter.

Moon and Sun in opposition.

Moon and Sun in opposition.

Moon and Sun in opposition, and conjunction of Moon and Saturn.

Corjunction Sun and Moon, and Venus and Mercury.

Conjunction, Sun and Moon.

Conjunction Sun, Moon and Mercury.

Opposition Sun and Moon.

Conjunction Sun, Moon and Saturn; these, with Mars and Mercury, being all in Libra.

Opposition Sun and Moon. Feb. 1, March 2, April 1, June 14,

July 13, Aug. 1, Aug. 27, Oct. 9,

In this period we had the unusually violent snowstorms throughout Europe of the first week of January, during which period also the earth was in Perihelion. On February 1st there was an earthquake and destructive tidal wave at Zante, and was the EllT sent on TRIAL FREE Grando, Dr. Judd, Detroit, Mel. Wantards. FREE Grando, Dr. Judd, Detroit, Mel. Wantards. FREE

Opposition Sun and Moon

Dec. 8. Opposition Sun and Mercury, (The Sun, Mercury, Mars and Venus in Opposition Sun and Moon.)

Of these dates, January 18th was the center of a cycle which covered terrible snowstorms in Europe, earthquakes in Newfoundland and Rome, Italy, and destructive tornadoes in California. May 1st produced an earthquake in Servia and another in Sicily, followed within forty-eight hours by a terrible series of floods in Western America and in China, another earthquake in Sicily, and one in Mexico. May 30th closed a period of a week in which were included an opposition of the sun and Wenus, an opposition of the sun and Venus, an opposition of the moon and Saturn, and square of the sun and moon. The coincident physical phenomena were a series of unprecedented floods through the whole West and Northwest of America, and in Roumania, where the crops were destroyed over half a million acres, with heavy snowstorms in Indiana and Illinois, where barns and houses were blown to the ground, roofs lifted from houses, and, in one instance, the dome of a court-house blown off. All of this culminated between the 23d and 30th, including the disastrous floods in Louisiana, by which over ten thousand persons were left homeless, and three continuous days of cyclones in the Bay of Bengal, when the wind blew at the rate of ninety miles per hour. On June 29th, when the sun and moon were in opposition, there was an earthquake in Algiers, and the following week was marked by the occurrence of the most frightful tornadoes in the West, hundreds of people being killed and injured in Iowa alone. On July 28th there was an opposition of the sun and moon, and conjunction of Mars and Mercury, with the sun, Mercury, Mars and Venus grouped together in Leo. There were slight earthquake shocks in San Francisco and on the New England coast during the following three days.

The reader, astronomer, or otherwise, should be reminded that in locating the places of the planets for the dates specified, no attempt has been made at the mathematical accuracy of t

strate his contention—that Dr. Falo has reached his conclusions through the same means. If this should not prove to be the case, however, it will not be permissible for astronomers to throw the theory aside as unworthy of credence. The fact of Dr. Falb having applied it has nothing to do with its soundness or credibility.

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PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

MAXIMUM DISTURBANCES.—January 6
and 7. February 5, March 19-20, May
18-19, June 3-4, July 31, August 1 and
September 27-28.

MAJOR DISTURBANCES.—April 18-19,
May 5-6, June 17-18, August 16, September 14, October 14, October 27-28
and December 12.

MINOR DISTURBANCES.—January 21,
January 28, February 19, March 7, April

Fair Visitor at the Farm—"How savagely the cow looks at me!"
Farmer—"It's your parasol, mum."
Fair Visitor—"Dear me! I knew it was a little out of fashion, but I didn't suppose a country cow would notice it."

Nellie- 'Oh! do look at those pretty

little cows."
Maude—"They are not cows; they are

Nellie—"But what is the difference?"
Nellie—"But what is the difference?"
Maude—"Why, cows give milk, and calves give jelly."

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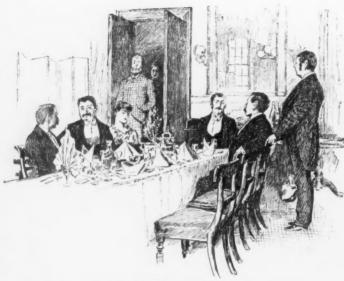
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